

“Pimping For The President” and “Lobbying For Islam”

There are any number of jobs that I couldn't handle physically, such as being a professional athlete or a bouncer at a nightclub; and some I wouldn't consider because of moral objections, such as being a criminal defense attorney. But, after reading Ron Kessler's latest book, “The First Family Detail,” there's one I couldn't handle for any number of reasons, and that's being a Secret Service agent on a presidential detail.

I mean, imagine swearing to take a bullet or several bullets intended for Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton or Barack Obama. From having read Kessler's earlier “In the President's Secret Service,” I already knew that being assigned to protect Jimmy Carter, John Kerry or Hillary Clinton was tantamount to a prison sentence because of their blatant contempt for those sworn to sacrifice their lives for them. But when it came to guys like Kennedy, Johnson and Clinton, the day-to-day job had less to do with protecting them against assassins than it did with making sure the First Ladies didn't trip over their various bimbos.

Speaking of which, I had a good laugh recently when a bevy of Hollywood bimbos whined that hackers had managed to upload their nude photos and send them out on the Internet. It seems to me that if you feel the need to take selfies of yourself in the buff, hackers are the least of your problems.

Frankly, I see little difference between all this and the nudity they often display in their professional lives on screen, aside from the fact that they aren't compelled to defend this form of exhibitionism as essential to the plot of some cinematic stinkeroo.

I'm reminded of a comic strip I saw a while back. Two guys are seated at the counter of a restaurant filled with people engrossed in photographing themselves and one another on their electronic devices. The first guy says, "I read that the government wants to install cameras everywhere to record our every move." His companion, the only person in the room not focused on one of those ubiquitous gizmos, skeptically replies, "Scary."

Something I have never understood is why whenever someone on TV, be it Dean Martin in the old days or Bill Maher today, indicates a great fondness for booze or marijuana, the audience feels called upon to laugh knowingly. Is it intended to show that they, too, like nothing better than killing off as many of their brain cells as is humanly possible? Or is it supposed to make them seem sophisticated in spite of the fact it only makes them seem like teenage bumpkins?

Speaking of bumpkins, in 2007, Sen. Barack Obama announced, "The world will have confidence in America when I'm the president." It's bad enough that events have proven him to be as wrong as a person could be, but imagine the gall, the hubris, the sheer loopiness, required to make such a grandiose pronouncement.

Clearly, we have a commander-in-chief who is every bit as delusional as John Hinckley, who not only believed that actress Jodie Foster would be smitten with him if he could somehow manage to assassinate Ronald Reagan, but never even considered just sending her flowers and a box of candy.

I suspect that even if you'd pointed out to Hinckley that Ms. Foster was a lesbian, he'd have dismissed that as a mere hiccup. Instead, like Joe E. Brown in "Some Like it Hot," when his beloved Daphne (Jack Lemmon) finally whips off his wig and confesses, "I'm not even a woman," Hinckley would have said, "Nobody's perfect."

But, clearly, every time Obama gazes into a mirror, he finds reason to disagree with Joe E. Brown, even if nobody else does. I mean, what can he possibly be thinking when an American journalist is beheaded in Iraq and he flies off to yet another fundraiser? And when a second journalist is beheaded a week later, he's the only person in America who not only isn't screaming for blood, but doesn't even take a moment to offer the man's family the nation's condolences.

Instead, when he went on TV to admit that even a year after ISIS turned up on our radar and quickly became our worst nightmare he didn't have a strategy to deal with the savages, the best he could come up with was the banal "We don't want to put the cart in front of the horse."

"Mr. President, forget about not having a strategy to annihilate these barbarians," I would have loved to have said to him, "you don't have a horse and your cart has a broken axle and four busted wheels."

In other news, it appears that O.J. Simpson has decided to become a Muslim. Some cynics claim this is the latest bit of evidence showing Simpson to be psychotic. However, I, who always like to think the best of people, have an alternate theory. I'm sure we all recall that, upon being acquitted in 1995 of murdering Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman, Simpson vowed to track down the real killers, and if he hadn't been distracted by golf, loose women and being arrested for robbery and kidnapping, he just might have done it.

By converting to Islam, I believe Simpson thinks it will make it easier for him, once he's released from jail in 2017, to resume his relentless pursuit of the villains if, perchance, they managed to elude him 19 years ago by scooting off to Yemen, Syria or Qatar.

Lobbying For Islam

As you may have heard, when Obama finally got around to announcing that he thought the Islamic State was almost as dangerous as John Kerry, Joe Biden, Chuck Hagel and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Martin Dempsey, had been insisting it was for several weeks, the first thing he did was tell us that the enemy was neither Islamic nor a state.

One could argue whether the area the terrorist group controls, an area the size of Belgium, is really a state. But, then, one could argue whether Belgium, a place the rest of us have only heard of because it was the birthplace of Agatha Christie's fictional detective, Hercule Poirot, is a state.

What is not open to debate is whether an outfit that calls itself the Islamic State is or isn't Islamic. The argument Obama made was that "ISIS is not Islamic because no religion condones killing innocents." The problem is that Islam doesn't consider Christians or Jews as innocents; it regards them as infidels whose very existence is an affront to Allah, and killing them is therefore nothing less than a religious obligation.

Making matters worse, Obama seriously went on to describe Yemen and Somalia as proof that his foreign policy has been a rousing success. That would be like Ben Affleck bragging about "Gigli" or the French pointing to the Maginot Line as proof of their military prowess.

The question that occurs to me, as it has ever since 9/11, when George W. Bush decided his mission in life was to take the heat off Muslims by constantly insisting that "Islam is a religion of peace," is why our leaders feel compelled to lie about our enemies.

Even when Major Hasan murdered and maimed more than 30 people

at Fort Hood, the current administration insisted that in spite of his being a self-proclaimed jihadist who screamed "Allah Akbar" as he slaughtered his victims, it was just another unfortunate example of workplace violence and had nothing to do with Islamic terrorism.

What is it about Islam, which can best be described as a wolf in wolf's clothing, that has our commanders-in-chief mincing words and pussyfooting around the truth? Just for the record, Voodoo is practiced by about 60 million people worldwide. If it was practiced by a billion, would our presidents feel obliged to speak respectfully of a belief system that involves the sacrificing of goats, sheep and dogs, and the drinking of animal blood?

When you get right down to it, Voodoo has far more to recommend it than Islam. For one thing, they go in for a lot of dancing. For another, although I definitely disapprove of slitting the throats of dogs, it beats slitting the throats of women, children and American journalists, and personally, I'll take a good old-fashioned zombie over a jihadist any day of the week. For one thing, unlike the Islamic propagandists in CAIR, they don't get dressed up in Armani suits and go on TV, trying to fool people into thinking they're civilized human beings. For another thing, zombies always shuffle, making it easy to out-run them.

If there's one thing to be grateful for when it comes to the Islamic State, it's that it's run by dummies. I mean, they had a safe haven in Syria and they were marching through Iraq the way that Sherman zipped through Georgia, and not only was nobody in Europe or the Middle East raising a finger to stop them, but Obama was dismissing them as the junior varsity. It was nothing but clear sailing until the arrogant bastards decided to start videotaping their beheadings. Obviously, their intention was to terrify the world into a paralytic state, but, as they should have known, that is always the state of the world when it comes to confronting evil.

However, rather than leave bad enough alone, they did something so barbaric, so in keeping with the demented cult dreamed up by Muhammad 14 centuries ago, that once people quit vomiting, even Obama, who speaks softly and carries a limp wrist, figured he better do something.

But as usual, Obama, to whom a declaration of war in the Middle East would be absolute proof that his foreign policies have all been a pile of mush, had no real idea what to do. After all, it doesn't look good when, on August 8th, you're telling everyone that arming the Free Syrian Army is a nutty notion because they're all just a bunch of "doctors, farmers and pharmacists," and, on September 10th, your big plan calls on them to do our fighting in Syria.

So far as I'm concerned, it is always a rotten idea to trust Muslims to fight on your side. We saw how well that worked in Afghanistan, where Afghan soldiers killed nearly as many American soldiers as the Taliban did; and again in Libya, where we trusted our so-called allies to provide security for our consulate in Benghazi.

Still, when one hears Obama pooh-pooh citizen soldiers, one has to wonder if he and his speechwriters are totally unaware of American history or if he's merely expressing his contempt for the rag tag group of doctors, farmers and pharmacists, who somehow managed to send the Redcoats back to England with their tails between their legs?

Burt's Webcast is every Wednesday at Noon Pacific Time.

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